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MISS RUTHIE'S GHARGE.

CO, YOU see, Miss Paul, I came rous? of find out how many you would take, bid good Mrs. Manly, the plump, matronly minister's wife, and she smiled reass ringly at Miss Ruth's grim face.

"Why, Mrs. Man I don't know a more about children than a cat of about Sunday!" was her dy passes. "Never mind that, Miss Ruthles, could learn. And this is just the fil

for a poor, tired, hungry little child. You have a big, empty house, a great, cool, shady yard, plenty of fresh milk, fruit, a big garden, chickens, ducks, everything a child loves! You might take three or four."

"And they would chase the ducks, worry the chickens, pull the flowers, waste the fruit, spill the milk and racket and upset all over the house! I would as soon go to the asylum and be done with it, Mrs Manly."

"'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me,' " murmured Mrs. Manly, softly.

Mrs. Manly rose to go, with a disappointed air. Then you will not take even one,

Miss Ruth?" "Not even one, Mrs. Manly," returned the grim spinster. "Well, I am sorry, but you are the

best judge, of course."
"I'd like to oblige you, Mrs. M
But what to do with a young o a't know, P

Then I will to urge it, Miss Ruth, course, if you change your misd be-cen now and the time the children ome you can let the committee know.

here is always room."
"All right. But 'tisn't at all likely I shall change my mind," said Miss Ruth, im as ever.

Miss Ruth had plenty of means, and not a soul to fill that great old house excepting berself, her stout maid, Betty, and the colored boy who acted as gen-

eral factorum.

Eby word by the bitches, and the first thing Betty had to say was that the eighbors on both sides were going to take one or two children for a month from the relief committee, and Betty thought it was so nice to have the darlin's running around to keep a body from getting lonesome

Then, worst of all, in the afternoon Betty required a cretain muslin bag for straining felly, and it could not be found, strange to say, in that methodical household. Miss Ruth had to go up to the garret for a piece out of which to make another bag. And so she chanced to open a certain trunk in the garret by the side of whi down and sighed.

For there, preserved in camphor and lavender, through so many years, were the garments belonging to the being Miss Ruth had most loved on earth, the little sister who died when she was only ten years old, and was buried down there in the old graveyard, under the willow trees.

It seemed as if, while she sat on the floor in the garret, she could see Tilly's blue eyes looking up into her face, and hear Tilly's tender voice saying: "Sister, remember the time when we played together, and do it for my sake." Miss Ruthle got her muslin, shut the trunk and marched downstairs to the kitchen. "Betty," said she, "do you think we ought to take one of those chil-

dren?" "Law, yes, Miss Ruth! Why don't ye?" said Betty, her plain face light-

"But children are nuisances, Betty." "Yes, Miss Ruth, but they're kind o' comfortin' after all."

"Well, make your jelly, Betty. Mind and don't let it burn.

Next morning Mas Ruth walked de-liberately into the office of the ladies' relief committee. "I'll take one!" she said, sternly.

"All right. Miss Haskins, put down one for Miss Paul," said the lady in

"Ask her if she wishes a boy or girl," said Miss Haskins, as she wrote the

"Lord knows what I'll do with her, though: I don't!"

The ladies exchanged glances, which were not lost on Miss Ruth. "Be at the depot Tuesday morning, warmth at her lonely heart. next week, to receive your charge,'

said Miss Haskins. and walked out. "They think I'll eat to return to the city. the child!" she muttered to herself. "But I won't!"

On Tuesday morning the people who prompted by curiosity, and, when the expense. Our charge ends this month." train came in, Wellsville had never seen "Come on!" and Miss Deliver the come of the co had promised to take children were at Miss Ruth.

Names were called and places asigned as fast as the efficient committee of ladies could do it.

"Miss Ruth Paul-one girl-here!" came at last. And Miss Ruth marched up to the platform to receive her charge. A little thing of eight, with yellow curls and blue eyes and a white face, dressed in a blue called dress, wearing a hat which had evidently been the property of some young lady, was assigned to Miss Ruth, with ticket No. 44.

My goodness! "Tilly what?" "Tilly Trusx."

"Is your ma in the city?" "I hain't got no ma, nor no pa. "Who takes care of you, then?" "I live with Aunt Lou." She is poor, isn't she?"

"Yes'm. She's got three children of

I think." "Undo your bundle and let me see."

"Humph! You can take that to dress dolls with!" said Miss Ruth, with a sniff of distant.

"Betty," said Miss Ruth, walking in he big, clean kitchen with her vi here's the child. Get her a bowl of

"Law, Miss Ruth! Did you really take one?" And Betty's hands went up in "What resemblance is there between

"Yes, I did. Do you like milkeebild?"

"I don't know," said the baby, shyly,
"Don't know! Didn't you ever drink
milk?" "No ma'am. I've seen it, but I never

asted it. Aunt Lou couldn't affor buy it." "Betty, be quick! Leave the con! Come here, Tilly, and see it like pure, country bread and mills

Tilly proved that she did by a the last drop in the bowl. Miss would have offered her more, bu did not want to make the child ste first thing. "Are you tired?" she arket.

oread and milk was figlished. "Oh, no, m

o out in the "I guess I would like it!" end Tilly sweetly. "I never tribe for "Good Lord! Is there no grass in New

York?" asked Miss Ruth. "Yes'm. Lots of it in the parks. But the police don't 'low you to step on it." "Well, you can step on it here. Go out now, and do-do just whatever you're a mind to!"

Miss Ruth gave Tilly a little bedroom next to her own and undressed her with her own hands. "Where's your gown, child?" she

"I hain't got no gown," replied Tilly. "This."

"This" was a thin underwaist, which, with a small petticoat, completed the child's underwear. "Well!" Miss Ruth didn't know what

to do. "I'll get you some to morrow," she said. The next day Miss Ruth said: "Betty, that child has absolutely no

clothes. I'll get her some, and you must help me make 'em.' "Tain't much use, for such a little while, is it?" asked Betty.

"She's got to be decent while she stays," said Miss Ruth, resolutely. So they bent to work. And the next

Sunday, when Miss Ruth led her little charge to Sunday school in a blue "Mother Hubbard" and big white hat and new shoes, people said: "Miss Paul must have visitors, else

who is the pretty child in her pew?" And they never knew it for the little waif who came out on the relief train last Tuesday.

Tilly had been there two weeks when one night there was a thunderstorm, and Miss Ruth was awakened by a call at her bedside.

"Aunt Ruthle! Aunt Ruthie!" Sh had taught Tilly to call her that, and the child's voice roused her.

"Well, what is it?" she asked. "I'm afraid of the thunder, Aunt Ruthie. May I come in your bed?" Yes.

The little figure crept in and cuddled up close to Miss Ruth, the small arms "A girl," replied Miss Ruth, promptly. wound round her, and she felt the warm breath on her cheek. And somehow iss Ruth remembered Betty's words: "Children is kind o' comfortin' after all," and felt a strange sensation of

After awhile the month was up, and the ladies notified those who had chil-"Very well." Miss Ruth turned round dren to have them at the depot ready Mrs. Manly and Miss Haskins called

on Miss Ruth "Am I obliged to let her go?" asked

"Come on!" said Miss Ruth, leading the way to her carriage. She had driven herself to the depot, simply because she would not be seen in the village with the child following her. Not yet, at

"Climb in!" she said, loosening the pony's straps. The little one was in

"Oh, what a pretty carriage!" said, patting the soft cushions. "Is yours?" and she smiled up into M Ruth's face. "Yes. What's your name, child?"

Well, I want to keep her."

How long, Miss Paul? Always. She has grown into my old heart, and I can't let her go. You how where she came from. See her foks in New York; there's nobody but as overworked aunt, anyhow; and let 'ela know I'll adopt her and leave her all I't worth."

Is that really your wish, Miss

lady gave me, in this bundle. Aunt Lou And so the child stayed to be the said it wouldn't do, but it a real pretty. Habt of the home which was no longer lotely, and to make happier and better Mis Buth's advancing days. s Ruth's advancing days.

Tilly unrolled the paper, and showed the remains of a child's pink tarlatan of schild's pink tarlatan of the pleasure of her pet to be thing for the pleasure of her pet to be the pet to be the pleasure of her pet to be the pet favorite. Miss Ruth softened and etened greatly. The Abbott chilp forgot to call her "sour old maid." teased every day to go over to Miss Pail's and play with Tilly, because Miss Pail always had something nice to give them .- Woman's Journal.

He Resembled the Cake.

the landlady smiled sweetly on all mbled at the table, and announced that she had a conundrum.

Binks and the cake that is being Mr. Binks got red in the face, and

by all gave it up.
I regret to say," said the landlady,
the the same sweet smile, "that the
p is a little short to-night."

r. Binks thereupon made up his of that it was time for him to more. hleago Post.

Would Work Outside.

newly-appointed Georgia justice the peace was informed that some had stolen his borse during the it. He was not long in locating the ainal, who was speedily brought to when the justice said:

ain't qualified ter set on this case

Home Dutles Mrs. Gabb (rushing in)-Oh, Mrs. Gadd, why did you leave Silk & Co.'sbargain store so carly? They've just opened a beautiful bankrupt stock of ribbons. Come right back, quick.

Mrs. Gadd (with a powerful effort at self-control)-I cannot. Indeed I cannot. I must help my husband to get dinner .- N. Y. Weekly.

Important to Horsemen

"Never go up to a horse and put your hand on him without first speaking to him," said Col, Yerger to his colored stableman, Sam Johnsing.

"What's dat for, boss?" "If you don't speak first the horse will be so startled that he will let fly both hells at your head, and then I'll have a lame horse on my hands.-N. Y. World.

The Hitch. "You look worried," said the improv-

ident man's friend. "I am slightly annoyed. I am having difficulty about getting a check cashed. "Why, that ought to be easy."

"It's like a great many other things. It's easy enough when you get started. My trouble is that I can't get anybody to write the check."-Washington Star.

Rising for Information. "Pa! pa!" little Johnny began. "Now what do you want?" asked his

suffering father, with the emphasis on the now "Will my hair fall out when it's ripe like yours?'

When the flat ruler had ceased falling on Johnny his thirst for knowledge had disappeared. -Tit-Bits. Passing Joylessly.

Henpek-Come up to my house to- | Pittsburgh News. morrow night; I'm going to celebrate my golden wedding. Wiseman-Golden wedding! Why,

man, you've only been married three vents! Henpek-I know it; but it seems 50, so everything is all right .-- Up-to-Date.

Where the impediment Lies. She-I think Mr. Stone is just to mean and stingy for anything! He just won't buy his wife a wheel!

He - You misjudge him, my love. He'd be perfectly willing to buy it, only he's too fat to teach her to ride, and too jenious to want anyone else to act as her instructor.-Brooklyn Life.



Grandfather-I can't make out why such light wine should go to my head. Tommy-I'spect there's no room anywhere else, grandpa!-London Idler.

Plumes. She has a very empty head— That giddy damsel, yon— And yet her head's the only thing She plumes herself upon.

"I suppose it makes you feel pretty serious to have your husband go to that far-off gold field?"

"Yes, it does. He's consumptive, you know, and I'm afraid he won't live to get out enough stuff to make it any object."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Very Likely. Little Elmer (who is a great reader)-

Prof. Broadhead-Well, my son? Little Elmer-Pa, do you suppose Enoch Arden waited till he was sure that his wife had married again before he came back ?- Judge.

"There Are Others." As the walting wife, at two in the morr Heard his stumbling step out on the

-Up-to-De



sult you with regard to my husband. He is very irritable, and although he loves me dearly he-

Doctor-Ah, I see! You want to have him committed to an asylum .- St. Louis Republic.

The Cast of Characters. The world is but a fleeting show; Our parts—we take them as they come. And some as stars will gayly glow, And some obscurely beat the drum.

-Washington Star.

Not His Only Fault. Uncle Ezra-The paper says this candidate fer the legislatur' has great personal magnetism. Uncle Abner-Yes; an' there's other

charges ag'in him, too!-Puck. A Pretty Good Sign. Betty-What makes you think he's

married?

Letty-He never puts his arm around my waist when he kisses me.-Town His Ambitton.

Kindly Old Lady—You say that you are a fancy baker? Casey de Kidder-Yes'm; I'm tryin' to make de biggest loaf on record.-

The Champion Snake Jim-Crimsonbeak has a brand new snake story.

Tim-What is it?

"Says he never saw any."-Yonkers Statesman. Excaped Without a Scratch.

Ethel-Jack hasn't shaved in a week. Edith-Your face doesn't show it .-Town Topics.

Dead as a Door Nail. "I'm surprised to hear that you ar to be married again; your husband hasn't been dead over six months."

"Yes, but he is as dead as he ever will

be."-Town Tonics.

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Something to Sit On. "Is your daughter's new bouse full of fine furniture?"

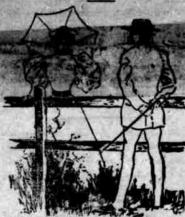
"Yes. Whenever I go to see her I take a camp-stool with me."-Chicago Record.

Forgotten Glory.

"There," said the infirmary attendant, "is a man that used to be looked upon as a hero. He was feted and made much of; had plenty of money and his picture was published in all the papers. Now nobody ever thinks of him, and he has come out here to die.' "Indeed! What was his business?"

"He was a champion pedestrian."-Cleveland Leader. Floral Wisdom Gather ye rosebuds while ye may— Old Time is still a-flying; This flower ye freely pluck to-day To-morrow you'll be buying. —N. Y. Truth.

NO ARGUMENT.



Grump-I don't believe there even gossiping about other women Mrs. Grump-Eve?-Yellow Book.

Honor. A highly-honored name he bore, Although his crimes were rank. He had the dust, and so his name Was honored at the bank.

Practical. "What nonsense it is," remarked the sentimental girl, "to take daisies and by plucking off the petals try to learn

whether or not a man loves you."
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "It is very silly. A much better method is to take the roses he sends you around to the florists and find out how much they cost."-Washington Star.

No Lack "Well," said the smiling and leisurely caller to the busy man, "I haven't

bothered you for quite awhile." "That is true," replied the busy man, with ready assent, "but there have been plenty of other bores."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Her Proof. Mr. Muldreth—Do you really believe. Miss Burbeck, there is any such thing as luck?

Miss Burbeck—Certainly. Paps had nothing to call him out this overing, and yet he went away just before you came.—Cleveland Loader. Discouraging Opinion.

Mr. Tenor Cleff-Don't you think I

am in better voice than usual to-night Hojnek? Mr. Thomas Hojacle—No, I think not. Your voice is no better. In fact, I think it is beyond hope. There is no remedy for it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sand and Rocks Marie—So you are engaged to Mr. Specie? Was he the only man at the beach with sand enough to propose? Edith—No. But he was the only man with rocks enough for me to accept.—

N. Y. Truth. Uncertain. She—I am quite sure you had too much champagne when you called on me yesterday afternoon.

He—Yes; I thought I'd just look around to-day to see if I was engaged to you.—Boston Traveller.

· At Coney Island.

"Did you lose your money on a game of chance?" asked the officer.
"I thought so at the time," groaned the victim, "but now I know that I didn't have any."—Brooklyn Life.